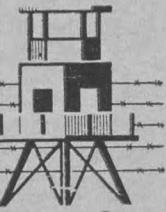


S.C.W. NEWS



INTERNMENT CAMP · MEDICINE HAT · ALBERTA

VOL. 2, No. 5.

Published under the authority of Brig. F. M. W. Harvey, V.C., M.C., D.O.C. M.D. 13.
The contents of this publication have been edited and approved by H/Capt. E. Geo. Pearce.

DEC. 8, 1945.

Ozada, The Tented City

Second in a Series of Stories on Internment Camps

The German PWs who arrived in considerable numbers during May, June and July, did not approve of the camp. Included among them were large numbers of Rommel's Afrika Korps; the transition from the hot dry desert to the wet and cold of a tent camp in the mountains was not to their liking. Many of the

tense with peril and which might have resulted in serious bloodshed was quickly restored by the calm confident bearing of the armed party. Once again the old Vets had proven their worth. Surrounded by a frenzied mob of PWs numbering many thousands, who hurled insults and epithets of every description at



COOKING OUTSIDE AT OZADA IN WINTER OF 1942
(Pen and ink copy of snapshot by German PW)

German airforce shot down over England in the Battle of Britain, and a large number of submarine crews also arrived. Germany seemed to be winning all along the line in those days following the Dieppe raid and this was reflected in the arrogant and defiant attitude of the PWs. It was not long before a more or less open state of mutiny prevailed among them. The Gestapo ruled inside the wire and openly stated it was their camp.

ATTEMPTED MEETING

This attitude culminated in the seizure, while inside the enclosure, of the camp 2 i/c, the Intelligence Officer and two other ranks, who were held as hostages by the PWs. However, their plans to enforce their demands by this method were quickly countered by Col. McCormack, who immediately ordered No. 22 Company, under command of Major J. R. R. Thompson, to march in with rifles and fixed bayonets to rescue the imprisoned staff. As a result, a situation which was

them, they enforced their demands on the PW leaders and marched out with the rescued staff. An itchy finger on the trigger of a loaded rifle in the hands of less disciplined troops might easily have created a situation which would in turn have probably resulted in the killing of Canadian POWs in Germany in retaliation. The ringleaders of this abortive attempt to defy authority were subsequently arrested, tried and found guilty by a military court and sentenced to heavy terms of imprisonment.

By the middle of September the huge camp was practically full. A square mile of tents and marquees was arranged in blocks like a city with the barbed wire fence brilliantly illuminated at night by nearly a thousand electric lamps. When the snows came, flocks of geese flying south in the night would circle the camp at a low height thinking the reflected light from the tents was a like of water. When the snows came—but that is our story for the next issue!

Veteran of Sicily, France, Belgium Now Matron at Hospital

Wounded while wading ashore with the troops on a Sicily beachhead, N/S Helen Campbell, matron of the Camp Hospital, tells some of her experiences as a front-line nurse in some of the hottest actions in Canadian sectors.

September 1939 found the women in Canada with as much patriotism and allegiance as their brothers. N/S Helen Campbell was one of these courageous women. At the outbreak

smartly mauled by crack Canadian Commandos and quickly cleared from the forward area back across the Channel. N/S Campbell served through this fast-moving frontline action with distinction.

WOUNDED AT SICILY

In Sep 43 she was posted to No. 2 Canadian General Hospital Unit and proceeded to Sicily. While wading ashore from a teetering landing barge, this Nursing Commando was wounded with shrapnel from a naval shell. Admitted to hospital for treatment, she was later transferred at England for convalescence.

AFTER D-DAY

After D-Day events had rocked the world, N/S Campbell travelled with her Canadian countrymen to France, Belgium and Italy, attached to various medical and surgical units. She moved via plane, train, jeep, truck and barge in all kinds of weather, subject to all the frontline hazards of modern warfare. In Italy the entire hospital of 600 beds was under canvas, and under fire as well. Italian civilians performed various duties in and around the hospital but their appearance was uncertain. One day there would be 200 for work and the next morning possibly two.

Posted to Holland, she was deeply shocked to discover the damage and looting committed by the retreating Germans. Black markets flourished, and a spool of thread cost as much as five years' gratuity. Store windows were dressed rather well, but this turned out to be only front, for display purposes only. She was drawn to Aachen, known to history as Aix La Chapelle. She walked on this famous road, but (Continued on page 4)



of war she enlisted with the 5th Canadian General Hospital Unit and with this Unit proceeded to England, where she carried out her duties for three dangerous and exciting years as a Sister of Mercy. She shared with the toughened inhabitants of England Germany's furious and vicious blitz on that war-battered island. During the history-making Dieppe attack she was posted to an advanced Coastal Casualty Station. The first admissions were French civilians, men, women and children, and—this sounds strange—200 German soldiers who had been very

P.O.W. WOW

"The little paper with readers from Halifax to Victoria"

(Published every second week at Medicine Hat.)

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YOUTH

Today the world belongs to Youth—or so they say. The old men have made a mess of it. Experience must give way to youthful ardour and pep. What is Youth? One reads of BOYS of 19-21 robbing banks and murdering their sweethearts, of YOUTHS of 24-25 driving cars under the influence of liquor and killing pedestrians. In this camp when some young soldiers misbehave, one hears, "Oh, well, they are only kids."

When do we grow up? When do we require experience or a sense of responsibility?

In the old army a boy, attested as such, had to be over 13 and under 18 years of age. When he reached 18 he ceased to be classed as a boy. Today young men of 18-19 attend high school and popular feeling seems to be that because they attend school they must be boys. One even hears university students referred to as BOYS, although they may be 21-23 years of age.

Many young men are encouraged to think of themselves as boys, when they should be proud to consider themselves men and be anxious to accept a man's responsibilities.

Lord Nelson was England's greatest and youngest Admiral. It is sometimes forgotten that he entered the naval service at the age of 12 and commanded a boat's crew as a midshipman soon after. General Wolfe, who died as a very young general after defeating the French on the Plains of Abraham in Quebec, was an Ensign in the 1st Foot at the age of 13. Both were young commanders but both had acquired many years' experience before achieving high rank.

Today Canada requires young men to fill her Interim Army and continue afterwards in the Permanent Force. The profession of Arms is an ancient and honourable one, based on service.

If youth would rule, youth must learn to serve, "Ich Dien" (I Serve) is a proud motto. The greatest power for freedom and good the world has ever seen—the British Empire—was built on it. Will Canada's Youth serve?

INTERNMENT CAMPS, PLEASE NOTE

The Editor of this newspaper will be pleased to receive articles and stories from this and other Internment Camps and VGC Cos. It is to be understood, however, that because of the shortage of space, these contributions should deal with activities relating to P.O.W. Camps.

STAND EASY!

Attention is drawn (in this column of lost causes) to Bob Hick's message on another page, dealing in part with British fair play, as exemplified in the work of the guards.

Christmas greeting for Hun imitators. "Do not ask for whom the Bell tolls; It tolls for you, not the Beast of Belsen, when you savagely announce how you would treat PW if you had the say." (Besides, your friends know you're always shooting off your mouth, anyway.)

Medicine Hat gets a mention in "Johnny Chinook," the newly-published Folklore Miscellany of Alberta—a copy of which has been donated to the Camp Hospital Library by the I.O.D.E. The origin of the name is discussed and we are reminded of the world-wide protests that rolled in when the Medicine Hat folk proposed to have the name changed. Rudyard Kipling was particularly indignant.

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BRITISH FAIR PLAY

(Excerpts from a Leader-Post article by Lt. Robert Hick, an officer just recently discharged while at 132 Internment Camp.)

And so the Veterans Guard of Canada came into being.

With "old soldier" philosophy, however, they tackled the job of assembling, escorting and guarding the vanguard of what has turned out to be a veritable flood of prisoners, the while their younger prototypes were searing a scroll upon the pages of history in the Battle of Britain.

Goaded constantly by troublesome factors with prisoner of war enclosures, exasperated by the loud, unthinking clamor of criticism from a section of their own public shouting for revenge, for vindictiveness, for retaliatory measures against the prisoners, the veteran has gone his own moderate way. He has shown throughout the long, weary watch of the years that a tricky job can be accomplished without fuss or bloodshed. He has set a good example; his patience and forbearance have slowly and at long last won the reluctant respect, and quite probably some measure of grudging admiration, from the deflated supermen, who, for the first time in their collective lifetime, have seen armed men, stalwart men, incorruptible men, men who could hold their own counsel, keep their wits in all kinds of deadly peril, men who could not be stampeded into hysterical action, who were resolute men of good will under any and all circumstances.

These prisoners of ours have been able to observe all this. They at first considered this phenomenon a sort of fake, a bit of play-acting, and may have ascribed it to fear of consequences should the vaunted Hun be given any of his own medicine. But by now they recognize it as something with which they had had no previous experience—an integrity based upon a way of life.

To all our khaki sons, then, who may have the opportunity of helping in this vast reconstruction now close upon us, this administration of our enemy's own homeland, let us pose this question: Do you think we can make a success of this job if we do not first master the true British technique of reserve and restraint, of fairness and decency, of strength and good will unhampered by hypocrisy and greed and hysterical savagery?

The Fourth Column

The Editor,
P.O.W. WOW.

I have read with interest all copies of P.O.W. WOW and offer the following criticism:

The front page of Vol. 2, No. 2, dated 27 Oct 45, is entirely taken up with prisoner of war matters. It is noted in large lettered heading "Background to Murder," while the other half of the page is devoted to PW re-educating themselves.

It is submitted that following the First World War that Germans were given the opportunity to re-educate themselves, which nearly resulted in the entire breakdown of world civilization.

Could we just keep the dear Germans where we have them now and hope the next generation will be more amenable to education along lines of democracy.

In the meantime, how about leaving P.O.W. WOW to the troops and forget the Germans?

Respectfully submitted.

H.W.J., Major,
Internment Camp,
Medicine Hat.

* * *

Editor, P.O.W. WOW:

I can assure you that they (copies of P.O.W. WOW) were quite interesting and we wish to compliment all parties concerned in publishing the official newspaper of your Camp. We shall look forward very eagerly to future copies.

H.V.K., Major,
Bedford, N.S.

* * *

Editor, P.O.W. WOW:

I note with interest the change in format, from a sheet run off on the mimeograph to a four-page printed edition, which speaks well for the progressiveness of yourself and your staff.

W.R.H., Major,
Lethbridge, Alta.

Best of Luck from

H. R.
Hutchings



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HALF-TIME
With Archie

When Internment Camp Lions step out on the ice against Medicine Hat Tigers they'll be wearing red and gold—the colours of the Veterans Guard of Canada. Those colours have been accustomed to flying high—let's keep them there! If you've ever examined the badge of this corps, you'll know why the camp team is known as the "Lions." . . . Our first workout at the Arena gave us our first casualty, Sgt. Red Harrison, who threw his shoulder out in making a shot. Two other casualties via the six-months' leave route: Lt. Jack Simpson and Rennie Lane. Incidentally, Lions have a forward line that will be hard to stop: Porter, Menzies and Rendall.

Note to players: When you do your stuff against Tigers you'll be watched by a scout from one of the major league clubs. . . . Weather permitting (and it has not permitted lately), we'll see you in action against the Tigers. Admission prices are low: two-bits for school children and soldiers, and 35 cents for adults including officers. . . . By the way, did you notice that big dailies are beginning to recognize P.O.W. WOW? Recently, there were reprints and references in the Calgary Albertan, the Calgary Herald, and the Medicine Hat News. Thanks a lot, big boys. . . . Capt. Torchy Hilliker tells me interest in boxing is awakening and that the Rifle Club ammunition is being used up quickly. Join the Rifle Club and blast a target—that's his motto. . . . And then there's talk of a camp school in education and sports, but we don't know much about it yet. . . . Anyway, see you at the hockey game.

RIFLE CLUB EXPANDS

132 Rifle Club has reached a new high in popularity and accuracy among Camp personnel. During last week a total of 162 targets were shot by the six teams comprising the Club; the average score for the entire Camp was 91.4 out of a possible 100. In two weeks, 48 marksmen badges have been issued to members. 36 Company in particular made a fine showing with 17 men averaging 92 per cent. To the sparkplug behind 36 Company's team, 2/Lt. Young, goes the honours of the high individual score, 98.67.

LIONS AND TIGERS MIX IN OPENER



Here are the hockey stalwarts of the Internment Camp. Bottom row, left to right—Pearce, J. Simpson, McCullough. Middle row—Watson, Hamer, Lane, Trubyk, Schick, Bremer, Porter. Top row—Menzies, Brown, Rendall.

132 LOSES TO D.D.

Nineteen points short of the perfect 1000—that was the record hung up last week by ten sharpshooters of 132 Rifle Club. But 19 points were three too many in the challenge competition against No. 13 District Depot. The total scores for ten targets for each of the teams were: District Depot, 984; 132 Rifle Club, 981.

No. 13 District Depot

Capt. Domoney	100
Capt. Donaldson	100
Capt. Fia	100
Capt. Harbour	100
Lieut. Hyde	99
Lieut. Muldorfsky	100
Capt. Nightingale	94
Capt. Pecover	93
Lieut. Tomlinson	98
Lieut. Wariner	100
	984

132 Rifle Club

Capt. Pearce	99
Capt. Barnes	100
Maj. Jardine	96
Lieut. McQuarrie	98
2/Lt. Young	98
Lieut. Baines	99
Pte. Barrett	99
Pte. Russell	95
Pte. Kilpatrick	99
Pte. Ross	99
	981

CAGERS WIN AGAINST S.A.R. BUT LOSE TO SUFFIELD

Gophers of Suffield gained sweet revenge over Lions with a score of 36-8 on Tuesday, 27 Nov. Two weeks previous, Internment Camp eeked out a close victory, 26-25. The taller, bigger, and more balanced team from Suffield had everything their own way as they quickly assumed the lead and went on to win as they pleased. This victory leaves Suffield at the top of the league as the schedule draws to its halfway mark.

On their home floor Lions stepped back on the victory wagon the following Thursday, beating S.A.R. easily by a 43-25 margin. Paced by Fenton and Merck, Lions gradually assumed a lead which they never relinquished. In the second half Lake threw four beautiful field goals. Down to the finish it was Lions all the way, although S.A.R. rallied gamely with some pretty shooting by Jenkins and Lindsay.

Sports NCO Weds

It was strictly a la militaire when Sgt. George Gray and the former Cpl. Beth MacIntyre were married at Fifth Avenue United two weeks ago, 24 Nov 45. Sgt. Gray, Sports NCO at the Internment Camp, and Miss MacIntyre, formerly stationed at

the Experimental Station at Suffield, were accompanied by a guard of honor of six sergeants from this camp and six CWAC corporals from Suffield. The Padre conducted the ceremony.

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First Boatload of German Prisoners

In July 1940 the war was going badly, very badly. Germany seemed invincible. There was no stopping her as she spread like a wave of hot lava obliterating everything in its path. A group of Canadian officers were called to their depots for secret marching orders, super hush-hush. When they were properly documented, etc., they were issued with transportation warrants to Quebec City, there to report to Headquarters. Here the great secret came out: the first shipload of German prisoners of war was to arrive in Canada within the next few days. It was their mission to receive and escort them to the PW camps that had been prepared for them.

After a delay of several days, the ship arrived, its decks crowded with German PWs. Crew-members of the Laskar worked in their picturesque attire, completely oblivious of their human cargo. A river patrol boat with mounted machine-guns covered the liner off shore. On the dock Canadian young troops were drawn up in a square so as to cut off all lines of escape to the shore. Trains were at the dock ready to receive the POW's.

DISEMBARKATION

Disembarkation started in the morning in lots of fifty, escorted by the British. These boys formed quite a contrast with the Canadians who were brawny and robust. The Tommies seemed small in stature, pale and haunted. They looked as if they had gone through hell and it was said that they were some of the boys from Dunkirk. Their sergeant was an old-timer who was very tough. He looked like an ex-pug whose face had been remodeled with boxing gloves, and when he barked a command his mouth was a triangle showing his upper front teeth missing. Their Colonel came out of a story book. He was obviously an old-timer, resurrected from the moth-balls, carrying on in

the best British tradition of the Crimean war. Nevertheless, they had been escort to the most arrogant group of Nazis ever to set foot in Canada and had done a fine job.

SMOKE GET IN YOUR EYES

The Nazis were arrogant, and shouldn't they be? Weren't they winning the war? They would not be PWs very long because Hitler would come to Canada to liberate them within a couple of months and then they would lock up these same Canadians. Train after train pulled out and the last one left about 2000 hours that day. Leaving Quebec City, the trains were pulled by two engines to make a steep grade and then through a long tunnel. Before they left the dock the PWs were told to keep their windows shut till later. In many cases this kindly bit of advice, however, was completely ignored with the result that many of the super men reached a near state of asphyxia from the smoke of the two hard-puffing locomotives going up-grade in a tunnel.

GAS?

It goes without saying that the Canadian landscape was keenly watched by all the PWs, and when it got dark that evening they had seen bush, little lakes and rock, nothing but that for hours. During the night one car ran over a skunk. The PWs were draped over the seats like rags, sleeping. One of them woke up and stretched. What was that peculiar odor? Now it was getting stronger and you could taste it. He turned pale and hastily shook his neighbor and said: "I think those damned Canadians are gassing us." In a jiffy the whole car was aroused and panic, averted only by the sight of a Canadian officer calmly walking through the car without a gas mask.

GLOBAL WAR

Day broke and gradually the shadows receded from the woods. The PWs sat up and looked out the windows. What they saw was exactly the same landscape as they had seen the day before. Canada must be a big country. When told they were still in the same province, they were at first incredulous. Then they decided it might take Hitler four months to take Canada instead of two.

These same PWs are still in Canada today. They have in the intervening years learned many things and have long since ceased to be arrogant. They learned it does not pay. We hope they learned it does not pay to be arrogant whether they are on top or at the bottom, so that the war will not have been fought in vain.



"LIFE IN A DREAM PW CAMP"
(Cartoon by German PW)

GAS FUMES OVERCOME TWO 25 COY MEN

George Bentz and Joseph Rea, both of 25 Coy, met with tragic accidents last week-end in Medicine Hat when they were asphyxiated by gas fumes. Both men were well known in their Coy. Known as efficient soldiers, both Bentz and Rea had returned from overseas earlier in the year. After attending a party and a dance in the city, these men with three other soldiers went to a city home. While there, Bentz and Rea decided to lie down on a davenport in a small room. Some hours later, at seven o'clock Sunday morning, 2 Dec 45, they were found dead. No

inquest was held necessary since it was apparent that these men had died by asphyxiation.

Editor, P.O.W. WOW:

Your publication is a good one and will be read with interest by all personnel of this Unit.

K.A.S., Major,
Chatham, Ont.

VETERAN OF SICILY

(Continued from page 1)

the distance from Ghent to Aix still is shrouded in mystery all the way down from the year 1400. N/S Campbell was greatly impressed with the admirable courage shown by wounded Canadian troops who suffered extremely, but made no complaint.

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